

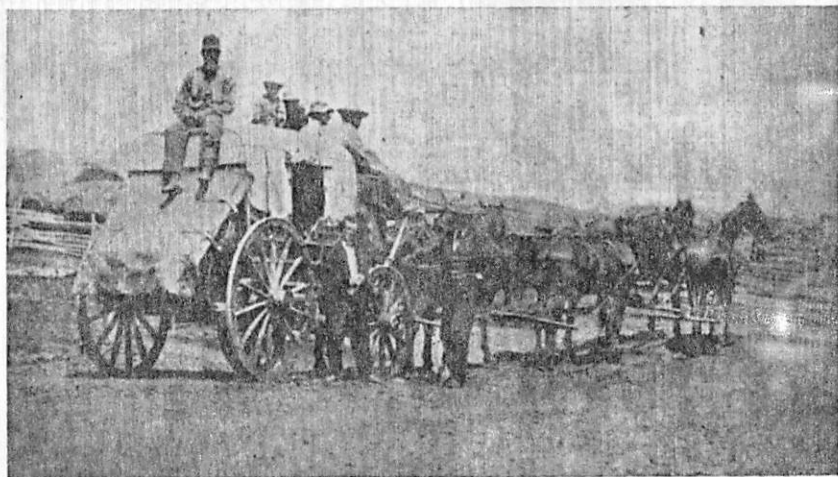
for such an emergency. But the Indians' ponies were also fairly good runners.

Hundreds of arrows flew past the occupants of the coach, some of them lodging securely here and there in the framework of the vehicle. Every passenger and the conductor were actively engaged in firing at the attacking foe, while the teamster urged his steeds forward at full speed. Now and then a savage was seen to throw his arms into the air, scream, and tumble from his horse to the dust or to the grass along the road.

Through the superior quality of the white men's horses, the Indians' ponies were gradually dropping behind. Finally they were out of shooting range. Knowing that they had failed in their efforts to capture the stagecoach, the savages stopped. With a great sigh of relief, the occupants of the stage rolled forward toward Salt Lake City. They fully realized that if the savages had been successful in capturing the stagecoach, they would have all been massacred.

Eighteen days after leaving St. Joseph, Missouri, they emerged on the elevation at the mouth of Parley's Canyon. There below them lay a beautiful city and an equally magnificent lake.

"At last," the driver remarked, "we've reached the



STAGECOACH USED ON SUB-LINES IN UTAH, SHOWING STAGE STATION

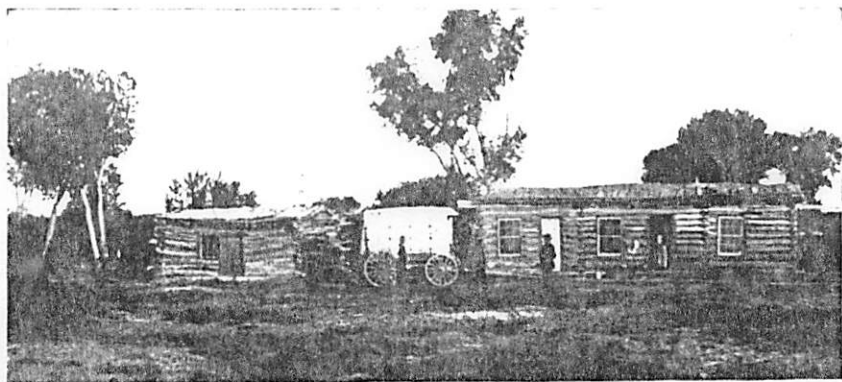
traveled on, and finally reached a trading-post on the Green River, kept by two Frenchmen.

"From here the party went on to Fort Bridger, where they overtook Major Holman, the superintendent of Indian affairs for Utah. They had been snow-bound for days, but Little and his men decided to continue their journey to Salt Lake City. Streams were frozen over, the storm raged at times, and, notwithstanding Little's weak ankle, they reached the Weber River almost in a starved condition.

"The camp was finally seventeen miles from Salt Lake City. Mr. Little, after a careful consideration of all the chances of success or failure, concluded it was better for himself and companions to use what strength they had left in making a desperate effort the following day to reach the city. It was too cold to sleep much.

"In the morning, all prepared the best they could to take the desperate chances of the day. No one could be expected to render assistance to another. Life or death hung on the issue of that day's exertions, for the chances were against their living through the cold of another night without shelter. The mail was cached. The men pushed on, and on January 20 they arrived at Salt Lake City.

"Such were some of the experiences on the plains in



MAIL STATION, DUCHESNE RIVER, 1869